

A minister was out playing golf and not doing very well, when a man walked over and asked, "Reverent, could I give you some pointers to improve your swing?" The preacher said, "Be my guest," and the newcomer showed him how to use the proper stance, grip and so forth, and before long the preacher was hitting it fairly well. He finished the 18 holes in 125, which wasn't too bad for a beginner, so he walked over to thank the man. The man said, "I enjoyed helping you, but I'm the golf pro, and my services for the hour were thirty dollars." The minister gave him a surprised stare, but he reached in his pocket for the money, and then he said, "By the way, do you like fried chicken?" The pro said he did, and the preacher said, "Well, we're having a big supper over at the church tomorrow. Why don't you come? And bring your mother and dad along . . . I'd like to perform the marriage ceremony!"

Late in the night John came home to his wife. In the dark she asked, "Is that you, John?" and he answered, "It had better be . . . who were you expecting?"

Hubby: Who's your lover . . . he's been here today!

Wife: I have no lover, silly!

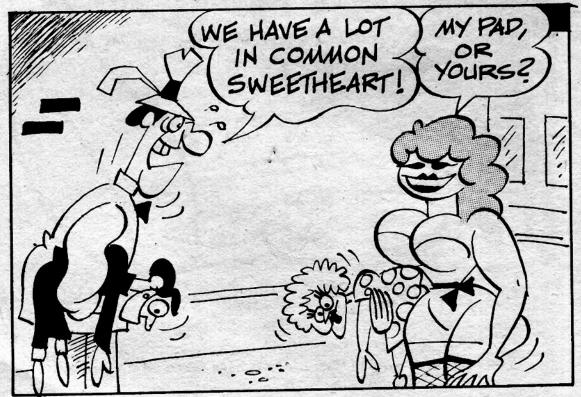
Hubby: But I am the only man in the house . . .

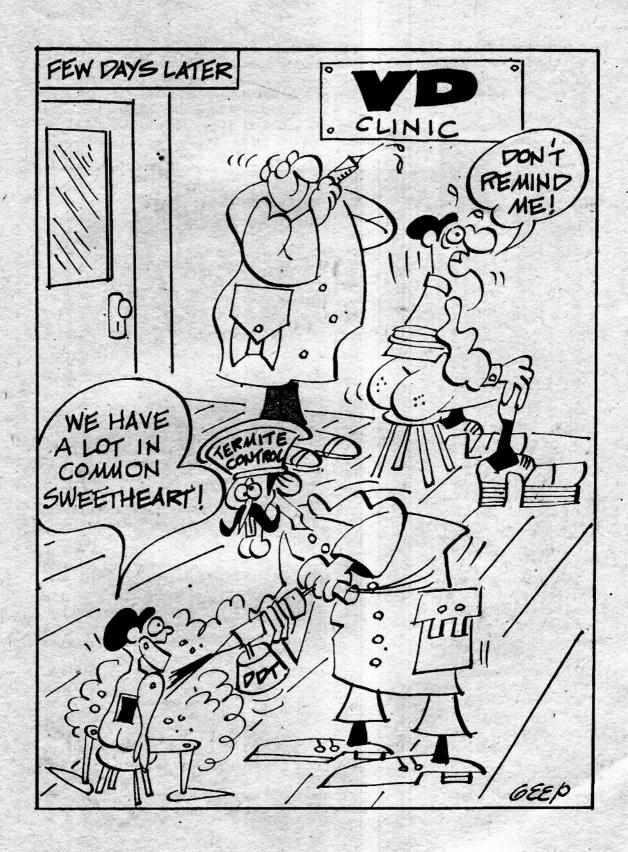
WHY is the toilet seat up?



"You aggressive women liberationists have taken all the run out of seduction."







It's no wonder chicks in London are called birds. In those English minis, you can see their nests . . .



"Surprise."

Maisy was telling her guil friend about her new date. "He has this thing he calls a LAP HOLD-FR," she said. "All I have to do is sit on it, and I can't possibly fall off."

A second - generation hippie phoned home and told her mother, "I screwed a pig last night." The mama hippie screamed, "You did WHAT?" She said, "I got drunk, broke into a farmer's pigsty, and screwed one of his pigs last night." The mother hippie sighed, "What a relief . . . I thought you meant you had started letting policemen into your swapping circle!"

In an office where collections were always being taken up for one thing or another, a pretty girl about to be wed kidded her male co-workers, "I'll expect at least five dollars apiece from you fellows." One man reached into his wallet, handed her a ten dollar bill, and said, "Here's for what we did at the office party . . . I'll pay you for the company picnic next week."

"I wouldn't say my wife is ugly, but last week we had a swing party, and the feliow whose woman I swapped for picked my goat instead . . . "

HIDDEN MEANING?

Or, as Goldie Locks remarked when she ate the Papa Bear's porridge, "Wait till Gershon Legman hears about THIS!"

LAP . . . a three-letter word for a four-letter word.



"You must guard against on-the-job parturition!"



"I guess your little something is better than a whole lot of nothing!"

HEY FELLAS . . . If you really want to break up a party, start bragging about what a bargain you got and hollering, "You wanta see a bargain? You wanta see a bargain?" a few times until you get EVERY-BODY'S attention focused on you . . . and then, and then . . . suddenly unzip your pants, REACH IN, grab your shirt tail, pull it out, and say, "Did you ever see a

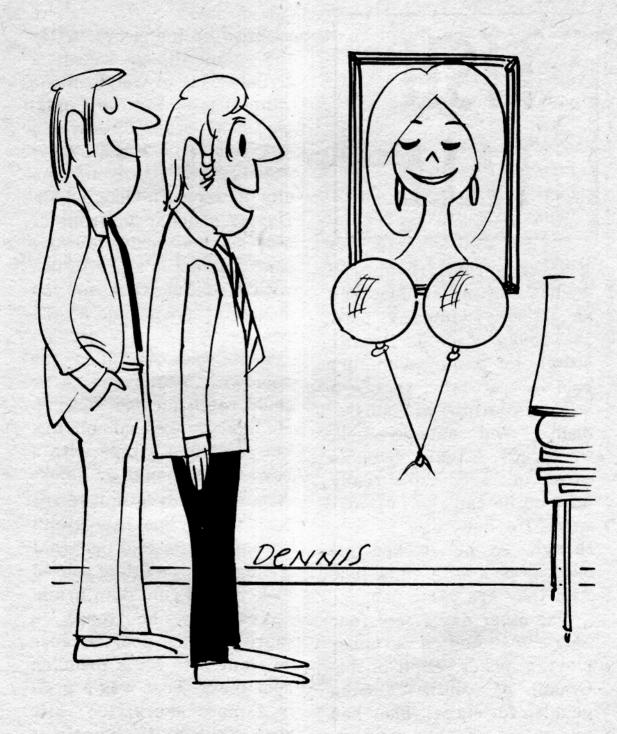
bargain like THIS for

only \$2.98?"



"Say-y . . . this really is a full service bank."





"Really when do I get to meet her?"

# FISH TALE

HAVE a rich friend who has both an outdoor and an indoor swimming pool. The indoor one wasn't really meant to be a swimming pool . . . actually, there's a leaky water pipe in his basement. And outside—well, the truth is, his cesspool caved in. It doesn't really matter; he can't swim, anyway. He does like to fish, though, so he stocked his outdoor pool with game fish. And they are game fish.

The other day I saw four barracuda and a grouper playing poker (Spit-in-the-Ocean, of course), using goldfish for stakes. They had to get rid of this grouper, however, when they caught him with a jack and two

kingfish up his sleeve. After the game they asked a striped bass to weigh in the winnings — but he'd misplaced his scales. He was a stripped striped bass.

Being rich, my friend usually fishes with dough bait. Dangle a dollar in front of a sucker and he'll bite every time. He doesn't like to fish with flies, but what can you do about them around a cesspool?

Last week he filled the pool with champagne so he could catch pickled herring. He likes smoked salmon, too, but can't find a pipe with a bowl large enough to smoke them in. Since he spiked the pool the flying fish aren't the only fish in that pool that are high...it's full of soused suckers and rum dum drum.

Yesterday he threw a shark in the pool because he wanted to see a drunken pool shark. That was a pretty famous shark, too; he's been "killed" twelve times by Lloyd Bridges. He's a real TV "starfish." Most of

his fish are wet (which figures), but one trout doesn't drink (and it's not easy to live under water and be dry), so when he wants a charge, he just brushes up against the electric eel. And does he get lit!

A cotton mouth water moccasin got so drunk last night that when he bit someone, instead of ejecting poison, he cleansed the wound with alcohol. Later on he had the DT's so bad he saw people. And when he woke

up this morning he felt like he had a mouth full of cotton. He felt better, though, after a little hair of the dogfish.

Drunk or sober, some of those fish are really smart. There's a school of salmon so intelligent they're known as "Yale Lox." And as Mrs. Ahab once said to her husband, "I'd like to bathe, honey; will you please get that damn great white whale out of the bathtub?"

A cowboy came rushing out of the hotel, drew his gun and stopped the first man he met.

"I just got married," the cowboy said. "You come into the hotel with me."

He marched the startled stranger up to his room and inside.

"Kiss my wife," he ordered, cocking the pistol.

The stranger did as he was told. "Good grief," he said. "That's the homeliest woman I've ever seen."

"Ain't she?" agreed the cowboy. "Now you hold the gun on me."

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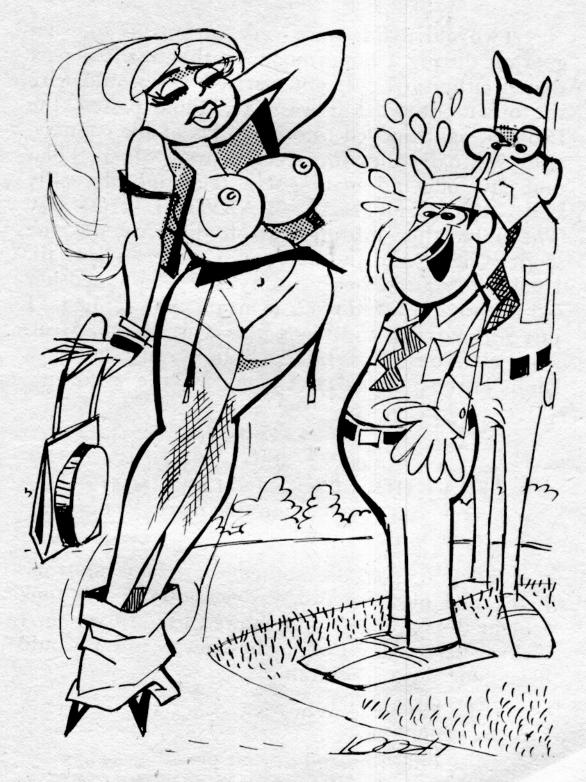
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"You'll never catch a man, Doris if you don't stop looking so anxious."



"What do you mean, stupid. . .THAT's not INDECENT exposure. . ."

Two old maids were very curious as to what goes on during a honeymoon, so they made a pact that if either girl ever got married, she would wire the other one what it was like. Time passed, the two old maids moved to other parts of the country, and eventually they lost track of each other. Then one day, one old maid got a telegram that only said, "MARCH, MEAL, MAXWELL HOUSE." The only other information on the wire was the sender's name and the name of a motel in Hawaii. Unable to control her curiosity, she telephoned her old friend and asked what it meant. She replied, "I just got married, and that's how it is. March, Meal, Maxwell House . . . In like a lion and out like a lamb. Three times a day. And good to the last drop!"

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FRAT HOUSE CRY IN THE NIGHT "Hey, you guys, cut out that dirty talking. I've got a lady in my room!"

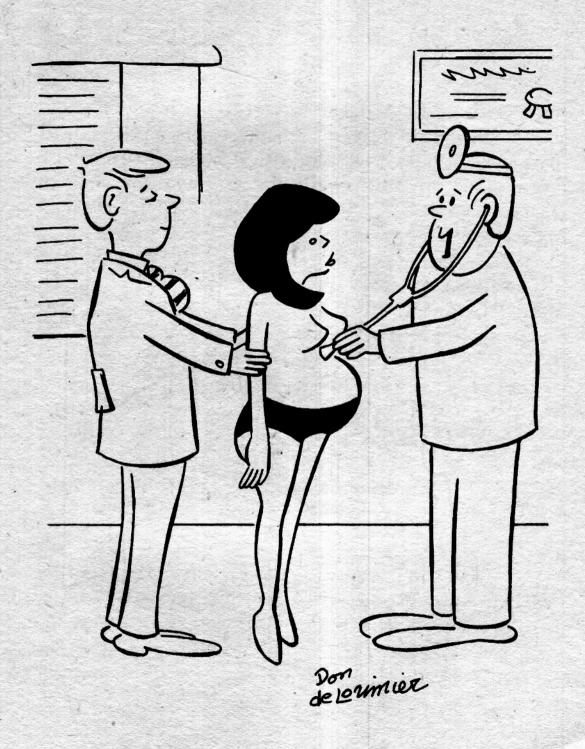
The kid asked his mother where he came from. Being one of those progressive mothers, she took him in the bathroom and showed him! "Boy, am I lucky," he cried. "Two inches lower and I would have gone down the drain!"

G.I.: Eat some Wheaties.

Joe: Don't like 'em.

G.I.: They put lead in your pencil.

Joe: Got nobody to write to . . .



"I've got bad news for you Mr. Watkins, This lifelike inflatable playmate plastic doll of yours that does everything. . .she's pregnant!"





"No, no - the ammuntion is in my other pocket!"

JOURNALIST . . . a man who puts his article in a woman's periodical.

If any of you old roosters are thinking of marrying a young chicken, you'd better be prepared to watch her like a hawk.

SHE: "Do you like fruit?"

HE: "I sure do."

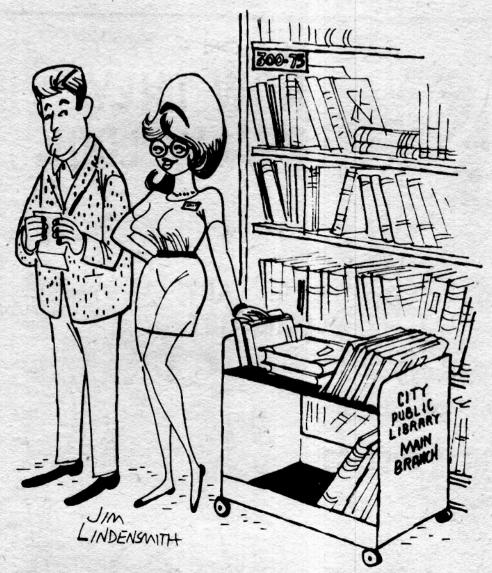
SHE: "Take a bite of my ass. It's a peach!"

"CHICKEN-OF-THE-SEE"

Nowadays you can't tell whether a girl is wearing a high mini-skirt or a low lobster bib.

A lady drove up to a service station to make a phone call, and seeing no one there except one mechanic, who was working under a car, she went over and asked if he had change. He told her he did, but she'd have to get it out of his pocket, because he couldn't move. She reached about halfway in, then giggled, "I feel crazy reaching into a man's pocket like this." He said, "Reach down a little farther and you'll feel nutty sure enough!"



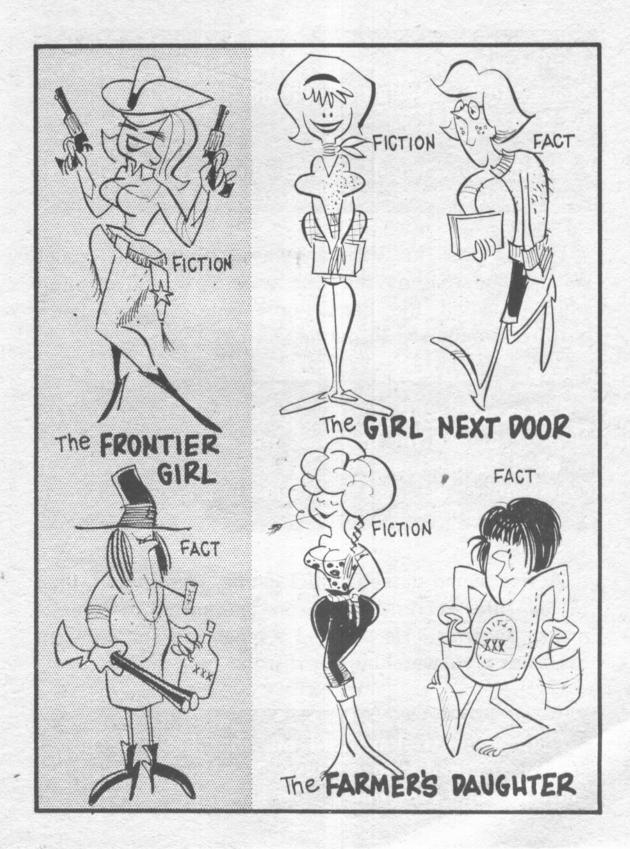


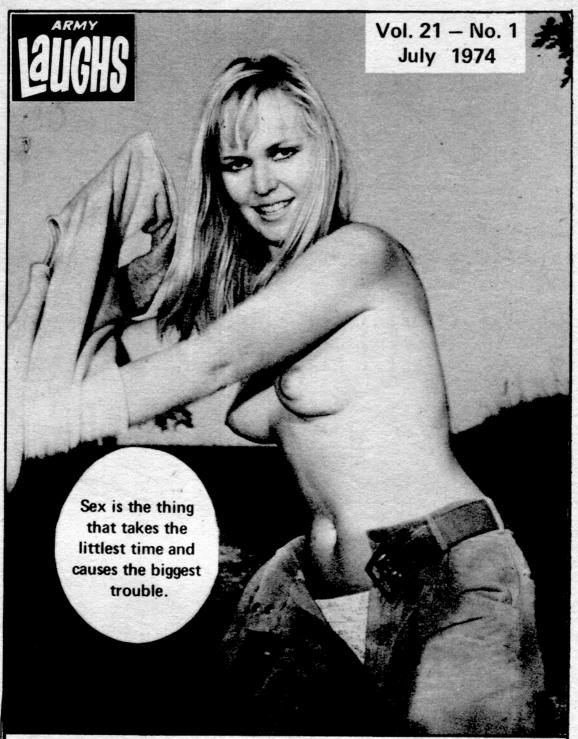
"Our sex manuals are mostly out on loan, sir. Perhaps I can help you...?"

MASSEUSE: "Do you want a rubdown?"

MALE CUSTOMER: "Not after all the trouble you had getting it up!"







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Pointing to a showgirl, Joe asked Jack, "Is that your girlfriend?" Jack answered, "Hell no. I'm old enough to be her father, but not rich enough to be her sugar daddy!"

Dumb Dora wonders what they call sexual relations in outer space—outercourse?

Harry's Bar in Venice refused to serve Raquel Welch. The reason: she was wearing a mod costume which violated the bar's house rule that no belly buttons are allowed in public.

The couple was registering at the motel desk. The clerk turned to the girl and asked if she was really married to the man she was with. She replied "Of course not—you can't expect me to marry every man I go to bed with!"

A vice squad detective in Tacoma, Washington, likes to be sure a crime has been committed before he makes an arrest. He arrested a go-go girl for indecent exposure after watching her disrobe four times.

The guy next door told me that his wife hasn't spoken to him for three days. Now he's worried because he can't remember what he said to shut her up.



"Any tangible assets?"

The lad who laid the lovely lass in Flanders Field soon became a poppy . . .



"What's the good of your knowing 95 differnt positions, if you can't do it more than once?"



"Could you do anything about a front end shimmy?"

# GRIN and BEAR IT!

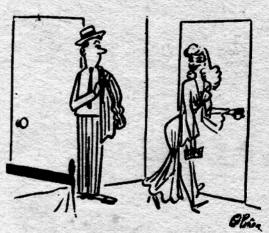




"Hi, fellas...tired of the same old everyday lunch hour?"



"You certainly know how to make a chocolate soda exciting, Miss Dalwhipple."



"I'll see if my husband has change!"

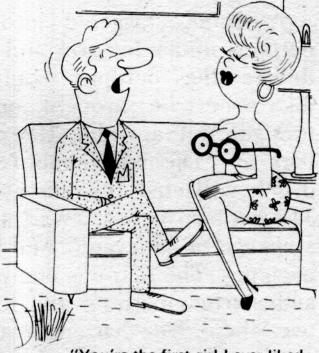
We know a girl so dumb she thinks a candelabra is a bra you wear by candlelight.

Customer: "Take this dog back. You said he was paper-trained."

Pet Shop Owner: "Well, isn't he?"

Customer: "But while I'm reading it?"

In Hollywood, the wife is usually referred to as "the other woman."



"You're the first girl I ever liked who wore glasses."



"I was just about to take my shower when I got your call."

Doctor to patient: "I'm afraid you have nymphomania, Miss Jones. There's nothing I can do to cure you, but I can offer you some temporary relief. How about it?"

Cleopatra wasn't such a bad girl. She only had one Mark against her.

The telephone service in the City has gotten so bad that most of the call girls have had to get regular jobs.

A drunk staggered into a bar with his pet octopus under his arm and bet the barkeep fifty dollars the octopus could play any musical instrument he brought out. So the bartender brought out a violin, the octopus played several bars of "The Whiffenpoof Song" on it, and the drunk collected the money and started to leave. The barkeep yelled, "Wait a minute, Mac. Give me a chance to get even!" And he brought out a set of bagpipes. The octopus climbed up on the bagpipes and started mashing and feeling and nuzzling all over them. The bartender at once started to pick up the money, but the drunk said, "Hold it. When he finds out it won't play, he'll play IT!"

# \*\*\*\*\*

I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
As he sunk his harpoon into me . . .
HER tail, it was fine,
But you should have seen MINE!
. . . In the shade of the old apple tree.

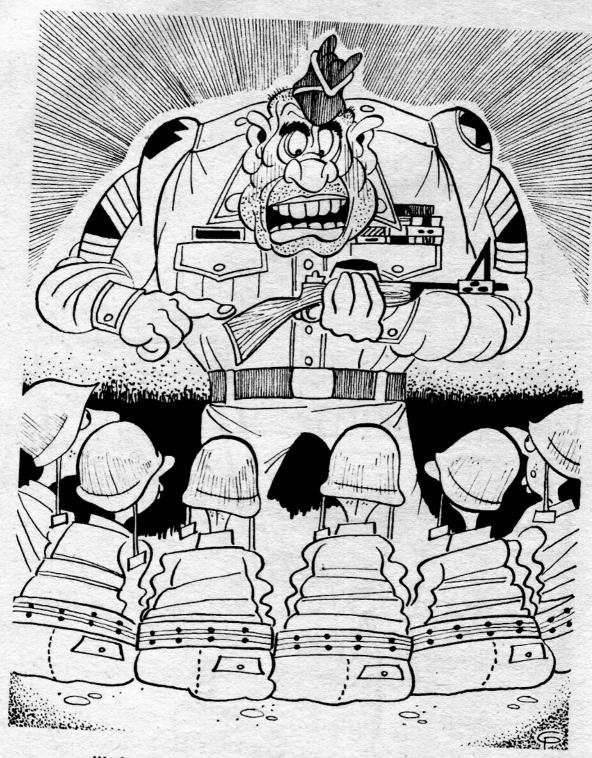
Adolescence . . . when a kid stops stamp collecting and starts playing post office.

A pimp . . . that's a public relations man for a pubic relations girl . . .

Abortion: A Hollywood appendectomy . . .



"Faster, Miss Lovelace, faster. . . you know I hate to pay overtime."



"I don't care what you learned in civilian life— THIS is a piece!"

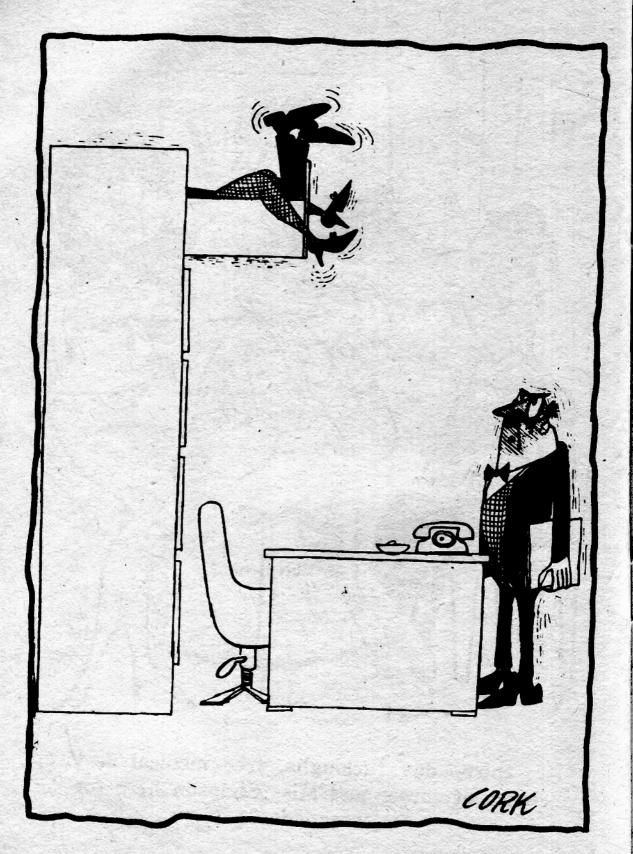


". . . thirty day furloughs, free medical service, choice of career and Miss Simpson here for weekends."



"Dear, it's time you met our daughter's new steady."

After Uretha Ummph, our sophisticated secretary, dated the new salesman, all the other girls were anxious to know how it was. She explained, "Well, let me put it this way. Tie his hands, and he'd be impotent . . ."





"Whatever gave you the silly idea that we steal only from the rich?"

### THE SUPER SPY



I AM counter-espionage agent number 472, more commonly known as Samuel Slithers. My last assignment took me to a foreign country where I was hot on the trail of a foreign spy who had stolen some important documents from our government. For security reasons I had to pose as an American tourist, which I found quite difficult. My expense account was limited.

A series of clues led me to this particular village. By an ingenious method (asking a bartender) I found out that the spy's name was Von Rickmeier. I was to contact an associate in a well-frequented restaurant. After much searching I found the place in the center of town. I entered the dimly lit place and made my way to the bar.

I ordered a drink and threw it down in one gulp. Then I gasped. The water was unusually cold. I scanned the room. I

counted sixteen people, including the bartender and the pianoplayer. After I put my shoes back on, I walked over to the piano-player and requested a tune. He cursed me and said he knew no tunes, but that he'd play a song instead.

I stood at the piano, thinking. I was desperate for a lead as to the whereabouts of Von Rickmeier. I stuck a cigarette in my mouth. Just then a voluptuous woman brushed past me. She slipped a matchbook into my hand. I opened the cover cautiously. As I suspected, a match.

I lit my cigarette and watched the woman sit down at a corner table. I walked over slowly, almost tripping over my feet. She said quietly, "You are looking for Von Rickmeier?"

"Yes," I said anxiously, "you know of his whereabouts?"

She handed me a package and said, "You can have this for twenty American dollars. In it is the information you need."

I gave her the twenty and she left. Anxiously I tore open the package. It was a telephone book. I hastily turned to the V's.



I had been swindled. Von Rickmeier was not listed.

Despondently I left the restaurant. I walked down the street hoping a new lead would turn up. A brilliant idea struck me. I would ask someone. I stopped a passer-by and questioned him subtly, "Do you know where Von Rickmeier lives?"

The man pointed to the end of the block. There, hanging over a huge mansion, was a twelve-foot neon sign, boldly blinking, "Von Rickmeier's." Strange that my keen perception

had overlooked it before. But then I realized why. The i's in Rickmeier were undotted.

I waited for nightfall and then stole around to the back of Von Rickmeier's mansion. I went up to a window and quietly removed the window pane with a hammer. I took off my shoes to avoid unnecessary noise. Then I put my foot through the window frame. There was a horrible scream. It was me. I had stepped on the broken glass.

Quickly I entered the room and groped stealthily through the darkness. I had immediate success. I found the safe. Hastily I turned the knob. "The Johnson Rag" blared forth. It was a natural mistake. I turned the radio off and made my way along the wall. This time I found the safe.

I got down on my knees and turned the dial. Something was tumbling, but it wasn't stopping. After a short time I glanced at my watch. Four hours had gone by. I concluded that this was going to be a tricky one. I decided to use my sure-fire safe-cracking method.

I fished a stick of dynamite out of my coat pocket and inserted it at the base of the safe. I lit it and dashed for cover behind the curtains. The explosion rocked the room. I ran over to the two-piece safe and discovered the documents had also been destroyed. I smiled at the cleverness of my methods. Now neither side would have the poop.



I heard someone coming. The noise had probably aroused him. A light sleeper, no doubt. I hid behind the couch and watched

the man come into the room. He had a gun in one hand. In the other he had a grenade. It was Von Rickmeier, all right. He never took chances.

I made a violent dash for the door and slammed it behind me, chuckling at my cleverness. I ran across the spacious living room and spied a door. I opened it and ran smack into a solid wall. The room was small and completely dark. I groped around blindly and felt boards projecting from the wall and wire objects hanging from long-stemmed pieces of wood. A torture chamber, no doubt. I found a light and flipped it on. It was a closet.

I opened the door cautiously and stuck my head out. There was no one about so I ran quietly across the room, knocking over a couple of chairs, only to run squarely into the muzzle of Von Rickmeier's gun.

"Ah, I have you at last," I said.

Von Rickmeier smiled acidly and said, "No one gets the best of counter-counter-spy Von Rickmeier."

I lunged for him in one last

desperate attempt. He fired point-blank. But he missed. I'm awfully skinny. I wrenched the gun from his hand and pulled him to his feet.



"You're very clever, Von Rickmeier," I said, "but you can't get away from me. I'll have to tie you up, so you don't try any tricks."

"Bah," he said as I put him over my shoulder and carried him away. He was heavy. And he was right. He did get the best of me.

THE END



"I don't care how much Guard House time I get for being A.W.O.L.—I need the rest!"



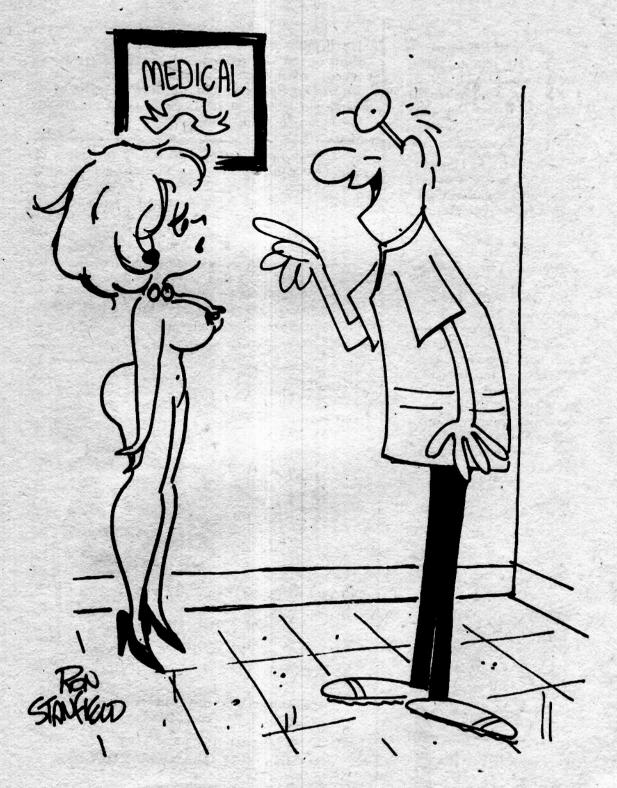
"I can't wait to see the new replacement."



"Miss Gurnsey, I've been meaning to have a word with you."



"Gee, when they said you were a roving Pilot. . I thought. . ."



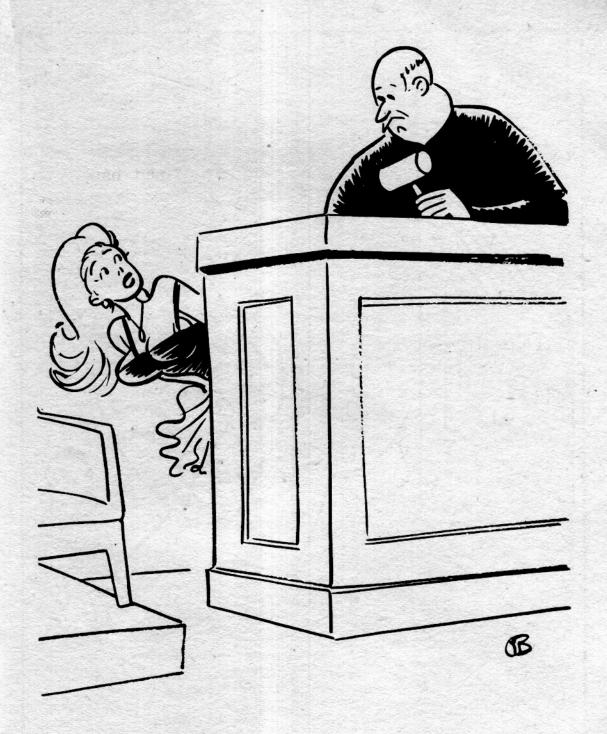
"Now lets take a look at that sprained wrist."

Somewhat embarrassed on the train the first day of their honeymoon, the young couple could find little to talk about. The boy noticed that a dog wandering around the train had stopped and was scratching his ear. Just to make conversation, the boy said, "I'll bet I can do what that dog is doing!" Then, by the time she glanced at the dog, it was licking its fanny . . .

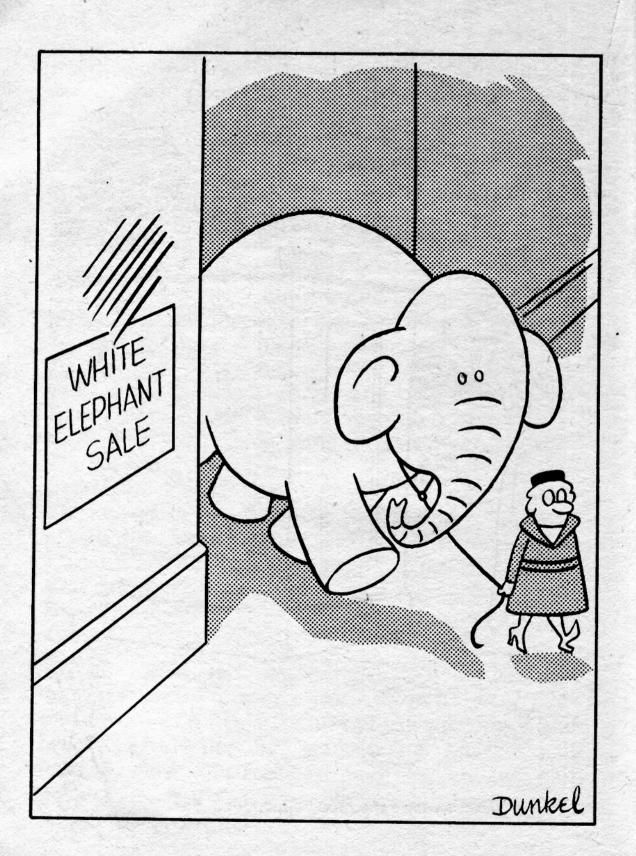
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Sudden gusts of hot, humid, noisy vapors were always blowing through little Rodney's back door, so when company came, his mother would remedy the situation by sticking a pickle up Rodney's keyhole. But one day she forgot and used a hot garlic dill, so Rodney pulled it out and put it back on the plate. The kid held in all through supper, but before he could be excused, the wind blew loud and clear. The Pastor, who was just finishing up the last morsel of food on the table, said, "Well, it sounds like someone just slammed Rodney's back entrance." The little boy said, "What else could they do, Reverend? You're chewing on the door-knob."

Two men were discussing their home life, and one man said, "It wasn't until after we were married for a while that I found out my wife was a half breed." The other man said, "What kind of half breed is she?" He replied, "Half Indian and half bulldog . . . if she's not on the warpath, she's sitting on her ass growling!"



"That's where the rape happened, Judge!"



A wife dropped in at her husband's office and found him squatting on his haunches, taking a book from the bottom shelf. Quickly, she ripped off all her clothes, tiptoed up behind him. wrapped her legs around his shoulders, dangled her bare boobs over his eyes, and asked, "Guess who?" Her husband groaned, "Get back to your typewriter, Miss Iones. You know it's not time for the coffee break vet!"

Now be truthful about this. If your girl gave a picnic and forgot to take along the silverware, would she give you a fork? Ask her!

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"Say, how'd you get that gash on your forehead?"

"I bit myself."

"Oh, come on, how could you bite courself on the forehead?"

"I stood on a chair,"



## 0000PS...!

In Denver, Colorado, a 27-year-old exotic dancer is breaking into the movies because of a mistake in figures. The director of the film, "The Happy Ending," needed an extra, "a woman about 52," and an assistant went out and brought forth Miss Shari Scott, whose measurements are said to be 52-28-29. "I mean't someone about 52 years of age, but now that she's here we'll use her," the director stated.

In Denver, Colorado, a bumbling criminal asked two men to help him in an armed robbery. Turned out one of the men was a detective sergeant, the other a patrolman.

In New Delhi, India, a man last-named Heath complained to telephone officialdom that his name was spelled Heat in the directory. It was changed in the new edition—this time to Health.

In Rennes, France, the guns in a local movie production of "The Singer from Mexico" went pow-pow-pow and blew out the bottom of a stagehand's sound-effects sawdust barrel. When stopped, the gunsmith alibied, "Oh, I thought you wanted REAL bullets!"

In Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a shipping error sent two champion hogs to the slaughterhouse instead of to competition for the grand championship of the Iowa State spring market hog show. When time for final judging arrived, the two first-place winners were hanging in a meat cooler alongside a shipment of also-rans.





"With STRIPES on them? You're crazy!"



## Signs Of The Times

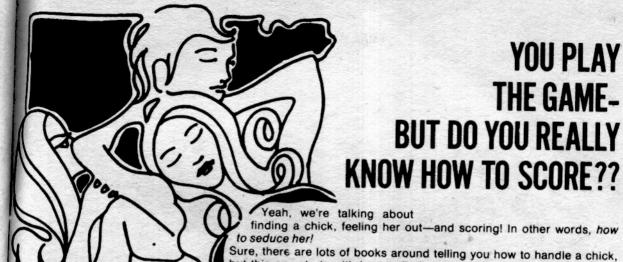
LETTER FROM a perplexed motorist to the Dayton, Ohio, Police Department: "Here is another traffic ticket. I have arranged never get another one by removing the windshield wipers from my car."

Want ad in a suburban newspaper: "Bachelors—don't resort to marriage. Let me do your washing, pressing, cleaning, errands, typing, bookwork. Telephone SH 6-1130."

Sign in the attic window of a dormitory at an all-girls' college in Pennsylvania: "Boy Wanted."

Big letters imprinted in the abdomen of a patient awaiting surgery in a Midwest hospital: "THINK."

Note discovered by a motorist on his damaged car in a California parking lot: "I have hit your car. Anyone watching will think I am leaving my name, but I am not. You look like you can afford it. Sorry."



but this one starts with how to find one . . . (where you might not think to look) . . . and how to get her into the swing of it . . . then, how to satisfy her (and yourself, of course) by fully releasing her sexual drives! In short: How to bring her to the brink of ecstatic orgasm by sophis-

ticated sexual foreplay . . . and then, what new erotic techniques to use and increase both your sexual pleasure!

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A FAMIL DECEMBED SHIRK IN POLICE OF CHICAS, THRONG THEM HE HAS RETTRE THEM HE

Now it's bang bang-bang ... every time!"\*

Until I read your book, I was ready to give up. But now it's like I've got ESP or something—the chicks really buy George Ogden,

Michigan graduate student If I could, I'd put your book in our sex education curriculum . . . Speaking as an ex-loser, it's much nicer (and more fun) being a winner. Herb Forte, Tennessee teacher If it means anything to you, be advised that the tech-

niques in How-To-Seduce-Chicks work overseas, too. That body language stuff kept my bod in business for three weeks. Thanks. Phil Hanson, New Jersey lawyer

I only wish I could have read it ten years ago. Making up for lost time is wearing me out! Carl Aslanian, Texas realtor

Don't use my name, but let me thank you in behalf of my husband and me. We thought Jerry was a homosexual, but after we gave him

your book ...
(Name Withheld), Georgia housewife

It used to be that I couldn't get past second base, but now it's \*Tony Simpson, PFC, U.S. Army bang-bang-bang each and every time!

	Sure, I'd like to score
more rush me a copy	of HOW TO SEDUCE
CHICKS-I want to make up	o for lost time! Enclosed
is my \$4.95.	

Name	 

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Said the personnel manager to the would-be secretary, "I'd like to ask one more question before I put you on . . . how long does it take you to get back into your clothes?"

Remember, fellows, you don't have to wear your shorts backwards to have a fly on your butt.

A hobby farmer complained to Dr. Fowler that he had come home from the State Indoor Gardener's Meet feeling sick in the sprout. Doc Fowler asked if there were any women at the convention, and he said, "Yes, lots of them." Doc exclaimed, "Well, that explains things. You soaked it once too often, and now you've got ROOT ROT!"



Two eighty-year-old men were sitting on the porch talking. One asked the other, "Do you ever think of sex?" He replied, "All the time." His friend asked, "What do you do about it?" He said, "Well, I unzip my fly, take it out, put it in the palm of my hand and look at it. It always looks like it already had some, so I put it back."

Nurse Beck just paid \$1,000.00 to have a cyclone fence put up, so her cat wouldn't get out while she was away at work. That's the first time we ever heard of a woman spending that kind of money to keep her own pussy under control. But, as anybody knows, cats can climb higher than fences, and the next thing you know, poor Beck had a loose pussy. So Beck invested a little more and had the fence electrified at a six-foot level. Her cat ran up the fence, put his nose on the hot wire, and sparks flew out of his ass. Leave it to a HEAD NURSE to have the only supercharged pussy in town . . .



"Will you get your hand out from underneath my coat, Tex?"

DOUBLE FEATURE
ON A FIRE ISLAND MARQUEE
"What Do You Say To A Naked Lady?"
"Boy, Have You Got A Wrong Number!"



"I heerd Clem's married the Hawkins widder—Sakes! That woman must be nigh onto fifteen years old!" The bridegroom was an early riser . . . he was up, at the crack, at dawn.

Did you ever stop to think that Adam and Eve were never married? So, I wonder what that makes us . . .

FRANCE... where the birds and the bees follow the people and take notes.

Dooley would do anything to please his pretty new bride, so when she wanted a milk bath like the movie stars, Dooley called the dairy to send over a tubful. The attendant asked, "Pasteurized?" Dooley said, "No, just enough for her to sit in. I don't want to drown her."

Why is it that a woman will stay on the telephone an hour, and then when you get her to bed, she'll say, "Hurry up, I need my sleep . . ."

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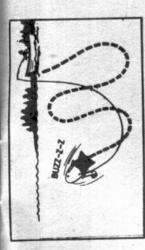


crippled minnow! Buzzes like a dying insect! Drives pan fish, game fish, salt water fish ACTION LURE swims, dives, flops like a simply can't pull loose from your hook! into a frenzy! Gets savage bites that

live darting minnow, then returns to the surface to dive again and again, even on a slack line! As amazing Action Lure dives down deep to where the big ones are lurking, fish see its free swimming action, hear its buzzing sound, and bite savagely utterly without fear or hesitation! Completely under its own power, ACTION LURE swims and dives like a

### Swims & dives to 15 feet! No tugging; no pulling!

ACTION LURE swims by itself without being pulled. It swims various depths down to 15 feet for up to one hour or more, with a slow, eratic maimed-minnow motion that no fresh or salt water fish can resist, all the time sending out its enticing buzzing insect sound to attract fish from yards away!



Yes, ACTION LURE hauls in trophy size big mouthed bass, small mouthed bass, pike, pickerel, perch, walleye, dogfish, catfish, trout, and every other conceivable type of pan fish, game fish, and salt water fish! Eye-popping catches are reported from every section of the country, so we say "Prove it to yourself!" Use ACTION LURE for a full month, see for yourself how you catch more fish, bigger fish, how your friends insist on learning your amazing fishing secret.

# Works like magic even when other lures and bait fail completely!

You'll haul in limit catches when others aren't even getting a nibble, in lakes, streams, rivers, oceans, wherever you fish! Just picture your self-propelled Acrion Lure slashing through the water in brilliant reds, whites & yellows, only 2" long yet carrying enough fuel to cut through the water for as much as one full hour with a single load! Plunging down to fifteen foot depths, rising again to the surface almost once every minute, Acrion Lure plows through the water tirelessly, pulling in the big ones from hundreds of yards around you!

Here's how ACTION LURE works: All you do is snap open the fuel chamber, drop in two pellets of fuel, and close the fuel chamber again. Takes less than 60 seconds; you don't even dirty your hands! And then ...

for perhaps one minute Acrion Lure will float quietly; then, as water reaches the fuel, your lure will seem to shudder for a second, then spring dramatically to "life!" Making the buzzing sound of a dying bee, Acrion Lure will point its nose downward, and begin its first descent! Slowly, jerkily, like a maimed minnow, it will swim noisily downward, buzzing and humming, traveling about nine feet every fifteen seconds! If no fish intercepts it, its descent automatically stops, it slowly raises up its nose and climbs to the surface again!

And again! And again! Tirelessly, hour after hour, far beyond the reach of your own casts! Roaming restlessly over every foot of water beneath you — even on slack line — even when your boat is tied up — even when you're curled upon the dock, sound asleep! And all the while ACTION LURE is swimming and buzzing and driving the fish around you to such a frenzy they practically tear the rod out of your hands!

# World's first self-propelled lure!

No wonder this revolutionary ACTION LURE took six full years to develop! Here's what ACTION LURE will do for YOU!...

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Tomorrow, for the first time in your life, you'll be weighing down your boat with bass, trout, pike, pickerel, perch... limit catches of pan fish, game fish, fresh and salt water fish, wherever you can drop a line! You'll fish better novice or pro — sound asleep at the bottom of your boat, than most fishermen sweating and casting till their arms ache from exhaustion!

And you'll have the time of your life, amazing your friends and family with your hauls, and seeing your fishermen friend's eyes pop as they watch your incredible self-propelled ACTION LURE at work!

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You have nothing to lose! Fish with ACTION LUEE for one full month entirely at our risk! Cost is only \$2.98. You receive ACTION LUEE plus enough fuel to last up to a full year, together with complete instructions. Four "alluring" colors: red, green, orange, yellow. Order all four for only \$9.98; you get four times as much fuel, and you save \$2.00.

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crippled minnow! Buzzes like a dying insect! Drives pan fish, game fish, salt water fish ACTION LURE swims, dives, flops like a simply can't pull loose from your hook! into a frenzy! Gets savage bites that

Completely under its own power, ACTION LURE swims and dives like a live darting minnow, then returns to the surface to dive again and again, even on a slack line! As amazing ACTION LURE dives down deep to where the big ones are lurking, fish see its free swimming action, hear its buzzing sound, and bite savagely utterly without fear or hesitation!

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**Works like magic even when other** lures and bait fail completely!

You'll haul in limit catches when others aren't even getting a nibble, in lakes, streams, rivers, oceans, wherever you fish! Just picture your self-propelled ACTION LURE slashing through the water in brilliant reds, whites & yellows, only 2" long yet carrying enough fuel to cut through the water for as much as one full hour with a single load! Plunging down to fifteen foot depths, rising again to the surface almost once every minute, ACTION LURE plows through the water tirelessly, pulling in the big ones from hundreds of yards

Here's how ACTION LURE works: All you do is snap open the fuel chamber, drop in two pellets of fuel, and close the fuel chamber again. Takes less than 60 seconds; you don't even dirty your hands! And then ... simply cast or lower ACTION LURE into fresh or salt water, and get set for the fishing thrill of your life!



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World's first self-propelled lurel

No wonder this revolutionary Action Luke took six full years to develop!

Here's what Action Luke will do for YOU!...

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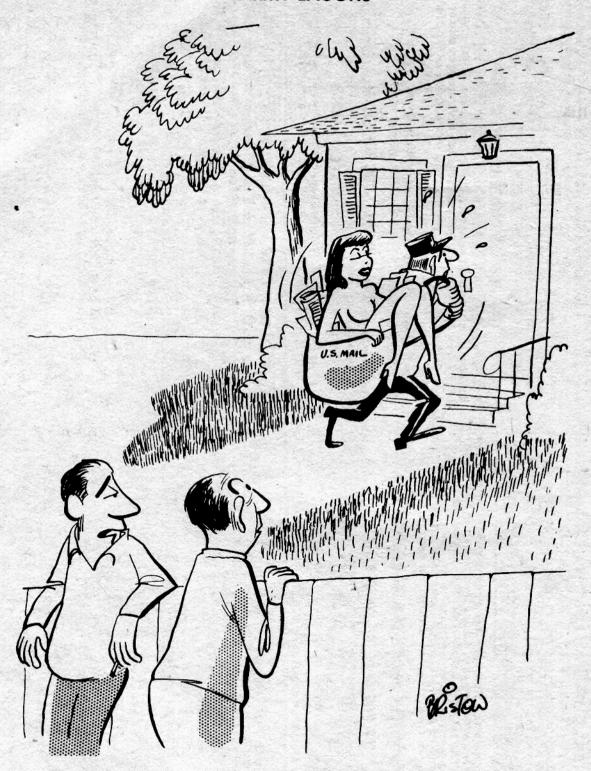
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or explain any one of the scores of wonderful things that happened to people who used Dr. Murphy's prayer techniques!

But we assure you that you won't be able to explain a single one of these mysterious "answered prayers" — you won't that is, until you read Dr. Murphy's thrilling new book "YOUR INFINITE POWER TO BE RICH"...

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— and found to their utter amazement that Dr. Murphy truly has in his hands the lost key to a Bible secret forgotten for ages.

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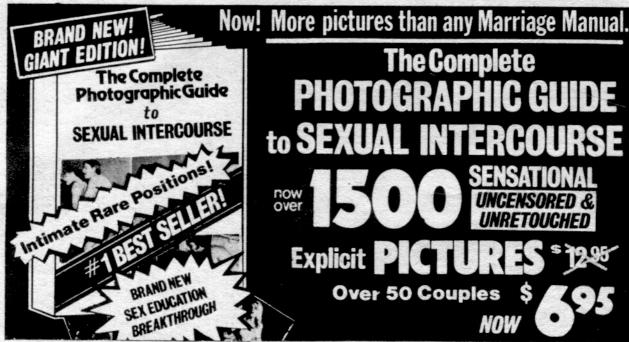
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